

MICROFILMED

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17P  
VIACHESLAV IVANOVICH TORCIOVSKY BORN IN HARBIN,  
MANCHURIA, 27TH JAN. 1925  
1080 AVENUE EDWARD VII, APT. 52, Shanghai, China.

Worked for PICK-HOVAN'S spy ring as a radio man,  
both in China and in Formosa and Manila. Signed  
before the start of the war on December 8, 1941, statement  
I had no contact whatever with any Japanese. att.

When I reached the age of 16, I began to work as a personal assistant to my stepfather, JAMES HENRY SMART, who was employed by the British Embassy in Shanghai, working for the Ministry of Economic Warfare. Mr. Smart's job was to survey the commercial activity of Nazi business firms in China, and also of neutral firms who acted as purchasing agents for the government of Germany. These firms purchased raw materials in the Far East and sent it to Germany via Russia (up to the start of the Soviet-German War). Much of the information gathered came from telegrams sent from here to Germany and Russia, and I operated a receiving station monitoring Shanghai-Berlin and London-Berlin radio circuits. MONITORED BY SUBJECT'S STEPSON, Y. I. TOROPOVSKY. RE SUBJECT'S

With the outbreak of the war on December 7, 1941, we closed up my station immediately, and transported all the equipment to a place of safety (the Japanese never got to know of my activity, although they had some suspicions, as I was twice arrested by the Japanese Gendarmerie and asked questions vaguely related to my work. However, the Japanese had no proof, and could pin nothing on me. In both instances I was released through the help of Kovans and the Japanese Naval Attache's Office). INVOLVED IN RECRUITMENT OF J. H. SMART BY JAP NAVY ATT OFFICE. I.S. DEAL WITH JAP IN JAN 4

RE SUBJECT AS J. H. SMART BY JAP NAVY ATT OFFICE. Mr. Smart was arrested by the Gendarmerie on December 15, 1941, and was held until January 3rd. I have reason to believe that his release was effected by Kovans. Whether Mr. Smart knew Kovans at the time, I cannot say, but at the end of January 1941, an informant by the name of BALANOVSKY, (at present residing in the ASPECT APARTMENTS, Suboling well Road), came to see Mr. Smart and told him that a Russian who worked for the Japanese Navy wished to see him regarding some work he wanted Smart to do for the Japs. Smart is not the type of man who would turn around and work for his enemies, and since he accepted, I believed he was driving a bargain with the Japanese. This bargain, I later discovered, was that he would work for them on condition that he and two other men from his department in the British Embassy (R. BRACE, DR. PARSONS) be evacuated from Shanghai on the first repatriation ship. SHANGHAI CHINA

When Smart asked Balanovsky who was this Russian he referred to, Balanovsky merely said "You'd be surprised." From this I gathered that Smart had known Kovans before, or, at least, had heard of him.

Shang 633 Int 1  
1-26-21

Att # 1 to

ENC-1

S. Toropovsky

see  
p.9

~~PROFESSOR~~ ~~CCCT~~ INTEL OFFICER CITE: Ryan  
The next day, Smart was called to the Cathay Hotel, ~~SHANG~~  
where he met Kovans and two Japanese, Commander CHITANI (Naval ~~MAN~~ 143  
Attache), and Mr. INUSHIMA, his assistant. They wanted Smart to  
install a receiving station for them. This station was required  
to intercept news from the United States, and also to monitor  
Chungking-San Francisco commercial telegraph circuits. Smart  
did as he was told, and he and I worked this station for six  
months, until he was repatriated in August, 1942. Smart's  
associates and superiors in the Embassy knew of this and had no  
objection (naturally, he had consulted with them before attempt-  
ing to do anything). ~~FOR JAP-NAV-ATT-OFFICE AND WESTERN-NATIONALS~~

~~WITH INTEL SUBJECT WORKED FOR THIS AND OTHER~~  
When he left, he told me to "stick with the Navy and ~~T.S.~~  
Kovans" and "keep my eyes and ears peeled". Believing that I ~~ACTIVIT~~  
would continue working on the same line, we devised a means where-~~IN~~  
by Smart could send messages to me over the British commercial ~~SHANGHAI~~  
radio. These messages I was to decode and deliver to a Mr. ~~MANILA~~  
Dane, manager of the Great Northern Telegraph Co., 31 Avenue  
Howard VII, and mark them "FOR STANLEY" ~~STANLEY~~ is (Mr) F. S.  
CCCT of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Co., in the same building.  
Mr. Dootie had also worked for the Embassy, and had remained in  
Shanghai (he was interned in March 1943). ~~RE BRITISH PLAN FOR USING~~

CCCT

Business

Man

CITE: M. K.?

A Shanghai

~~CHINA WWII~~ ~~SUBJECT AS COMM LINK IN WWII~~  
However, our receiving station was closed the day Smart  
left, and a few days later, Mr. Inushima called me to his office  
and told me that at that time, there was nothing I could do for  
them, but that they would keep me in mind if any radio job turned  
up.

After that, Kovans would telephone me now and then (on  
the average of once a month). Sometimes he would send me to repair  
a radio at some Jap's apartment. This went on for almost a year  
and a half. During this time I was still in school (what remained  
of the Shanghai American School), and I had a radio workshop at  
home, where I remained and built radio sets. I was paid frequent  
visits by the Bendarmerie, and early in December 1942 I was ar-  
rested and the best of my equipment and parts, including an almost  
complete transmitter, were confiscated. The Japs accused me of  
building transmitters for Chungking agents, but were compelled to  
set me free shortly after my mother had called up Kovans and he  
had asked the Naval Attache's office to give me protection. I was  
allowed to remain free on the condition that I made a "solemn  
promise" to cease all my "anti-Japanese activity". Later Kovans  
told me that two men, named LOCH and ABEL had given the Bendarm-  
erie information about me. Loch had been employed by PROCT, BLAND,  
and COMPANY of 190 Nanking Rd. as a sort of salesman or pur-  
chasing agent, and Mr. Smart had done considerable business with  
their engineering department and is a good friend of Mr. Bland.  
Through this source, Loch could have learned quite a lot about  
our pre-war activities. Rabin is a well known Bendarmerie in-  
former and needs no introduction. Both these men were working  
for the Jessfield Rd. Bendarmerie.

S. Toporovsky

After this, I was paid some more visits by Gendarmerie men and noticed that they were tapping my telephone.

During December 1942, I was introduced to Dr. FUKUHARA by Kovans. FUKUHARA had a radio that was out of order, and Kovans asked me to go over and have it repaired. This I did, and while I was there, Fukuvara asked me about all my troubles with the Gendarmerie and promised to help me get back my equipment, but nothing ever came of it. At the time I met Fukuvara, I did not know that he had any special connection with Kovans, but I later found that he was either Kovans' associate or superior.

When Kovans had called me over to his room in the Catnay Hotel to send me over to Fukuvara, he told me the following:

"You and Mr. Smart were a couple of punk workers! You didn't do a damn thing to help us. I bet Smart was spying on us. All you gave us during the time you worked was a lot of promises and hot air. Now we have a man who really gets things done. The man is ALESSY.\* Why, just recently he found out that a British Jew by the name of TCE3 had a radio transmitter in his house, and was sending information out of Shanghai. He gave this information to me and I had TCE3 put in Bridge House."

"IKUSHIMA is very pleased with Alessy, and Alessy has been given a special pass, is allowed to carry a gun, and is issued gasoline for his cars."

"This is what you could have had if you had given us any information of that sort."

*OK?*  
\*ALESSY: JOHN ALESSY, 125 Route du Consulat, apartment 41, Shanghai, China (St. Anne Apartments). Known in South America as a Blackmailer. Came to Shanghai in 1940 and has been here most of the time. Went to Manila in late 1941. Arrested there by U. S. Authorities and deported. Went to Manila in 1942, working for Japs, I have no further particulars on that mission.  
*Also marked for PICK-KOVANS' spy ring.*

I had little more trouble from the Gendarmerie until April 1943, when they again came to my apartment, sealed up my workshop, confiscated more equipment, and took me to the Union Jack Club branch of the Gendarmerie. There they accused me again of building radio equipment for Chungking agents, and having a short-wave set at home, but it was so built that it could be taken apart in a few seconds, and fortunately it was dismantled at the time when they made their search, and they did not find anything suspicious.

*S. Toropovsky*

They must have suspected that I had one, since I often passed on news to friends of mine, and somehow the Gendarmerie had got wind of it.

As soon as I was taken away, my mother telephoned Kovans, and he again effected my release. However, I was not allowed to do any radio work whatever, and whenever any of the Naval Attache men called me over for a repair job, I gave them the excuse that I was not allowed to do any radio work whatever by the Gendarmerie.

I suspected, and still suspect, that all the trouble I had from the Gendarmerie was arranged by the Navy, so that I would rush to them the minute they offered me a job, as there I could get some degree of protection. I have no proof of this, however.

After April 1943, I saw very little of Kovans or any of the Naval Attache Japs, as I believed that they were responsible for all the trouble I had. My financial condition was growing worse, and I could not make any money in the radio business. Also, our funds left behind by Mr. Smart at the Great Northern Telegraph Co. were diminishing, and although we had several Red Cross letters from Smart, there was no promise of financial aid.

In December 1943, I received a telephone call supposedly from the Bridge House, asking me to go there the next day, as they wanted to question me. I later found that this call was a fake, and that Alessy had done it. The next day I dropped in at the Naval Attache's office and told Fukunara and Kovans about it. They told me to go to Bridge House, and that in case I was held up there they would get me out. When I arrived at Bridge House, no one there seemed to know about the call, and after questioning me as to my business there and finding I had none, they let me go.

A few days later, Kovans telephoned me and said that they had a man doing some special radio work, and that he had told them that he could uncover Chungking-operated radio stations in Shanghai with some contraption he had built. This man turned out to be Alessy, and after listening to the bull he was handing the Japs, I told Kovans he was a fake. By this I had hoped to do Alessy a little harm in the way of loss of face. I never liked Alessy as Smart and I had long ago discovered he was an international crook and had tried many times to get him arrested. We were indirectly responsible for his arrest in Manila and his consequent deportation therefrom.

The next day Imushima called me to his office and told me that I must work together with Alessy, as they trusted me and not him.

The "work" with Alessy consisted of listening to good music and news from the Armed Forces Radio Service. It seems

4  
*S. Toropavsky*

that he was merely putting on a front with the Japs so that he could keep his cars and get his supplies of gasoline, as he needed all this for some business which he was doing. I know that he was running a gambling den in Mantao with another Frenchman by the name of MARCELIN, and that he had contact with influential Chinese puppet officials.

This "work" with Alessy went on until March 1944, when one evening Hovans and Fukuhara came to my apartment and told me that soon Hovans was going to Manila with a group of foreign "experts", and that it would be advisable for me to come as a radio engineer. He also said that I must bring an assistant. My mother said she would not like to have me go, but Hovans replied that if I refused, I would "lose the navy's protection", which of course meant more and worse trouble from the Gendarmerie.

I did not hear any more about the proposed trip until June, but in the meantime....

Alessy came to see my mother one day when I was out, and told her of the murder of a young Russian which had occurred a few weeks before, just outside the Gendarmerie at the Shanghai American School on Avenue Fatain. He said that Hovans did it and that the young man had worked for Hovans before and had either disobeyed or done something against him. He lightly hinted that it could happen to me if I disobeyed Hovans. This was a story he cooked up so that I would not refuse to go to Manila, and although I knew it was a cheap scare story, my mother was sufficiently upset to allow me to go.

When the question of getting an assistant arose, I immediately thought of my best friend, Peter Mazack, as he was the only person I could trust, I had to be careful, as I foresaw that any assistant of mine would always be close to me and anyone I could not trust could easily be made to keep an eye on me by the Japanese. I knew that I could talk freely with Peter and that I could trust him 100%. He agreed to come with me, and so did his family, at which I was rather surprised, as I did not know what we were going to do in Manila, and although I was forced to go, he came of his free will. I say "free will" because that is what it was when I asked him to come, but after his first meeting with the Japs, he could not back out. He did grow uneasy, thinking the Japs might want us to work as informers, but we understood that there was no turning back for him, and I felt myself somewhat of a rat to make him share my grief. However, our worst fears were never realized.

We left Shanghai on June 10, 1944.

S. Toropansky

*rec: USSR? Shanghai China with sec: RADIO TECH*  
*rec: Intel Office? C.I.T. Japan*  
On June 7, 1944, a Jap by the name of H. ICHIJIMA came to my apartment with a gendarmerie officer and took off the seal from my radio workshop. Ichijima worked in the Naval Attache's Office, and this removal of seal was meant as a gesture of "goodwill" to me. I note here that this room had been sealed since April, 1943, and I had given up trying to get it open.  
*RE CONTACT WITH V. I. TOROPOVSKY AND OTHER FOREIGNER*

*WORKING WITH JAP Z.S. IN SHANGHAI AND MANILA.*  
The gendarmerie man left almost immediately, and Ichijima then asked me if I was going to the Philippines with them. I had heard of Hovans' departure a few days previous to this, and I answered that I understood I was supposed to go, but no definite mention had been made to me since the day I introduced Peter Kazak to Hovushina sometime in March. He asked me if I was prepared to go the next day, but I answered that I had not been told to make any preparations and was by no means ready to go. He then said that the departure could be put off till June 10th, and told me to come to the Naval Attache's office on that date. I notified Kazak, and he and I went to the office on the next day to ask for some money with which we bought a few things necessary for our trip.  
*USE OF SUBJECT WITH V.I. TOROPOVSKY*  
*IN I.S. COMMO WORK IN MANILA.*

Before I go any further I wish to note an interesting incident:

In the middle of May, 1944, my mother met an acquaintance of her's who was quite close to Hovans as her mother is an actress who often acted with Hovans. This woman told my mother that she had heard that Mr. Smart had died in England, and that he had left us all his money, and that at present a certain lawyer (she didn't mention his name), acting through the Swiss Red Cross, was looking for us. This, of course, made my mother quite upset; but I told her that it must be a lot of bull that Hovans had cooked up.

On about May 20th, we received a letter from the Red Cross to come and see Mr. EGLE, the chairman. He told us that he had received a telegram from Geneva which read: "CAN YOU EXTEND RELIEF FUNDS TO MRS. Z. M. TOROPOVSKY."

This telegram must have been arranged for by Mr. Smart, as by that time he knew that our financial situation was rather critical. Mr. Egle said that he was prepared to give us a sum of money every month, and that we could name the sum ourselves, but should be careful not to ask too much because the Japs did not approve of the Red Cross handing out large sums of money to its beneficiaries. He told us to come back a week later. My mother went to see him after I left for Manila, and his attitude had undergone a complete change. He said that he could not let us have any money as there were no funds for us in Geneva.

*S. Toropovsky*

this was a lie, I suppose, because if there had not been any funds, the telegram would not have been sent in the first place. Now, more than ever, I am of the opinion that Hovans or the Jap Naval Attache's office had stopped Egle from giving us any money. Proof of this is a Red Cross letter which I have in my possession, written by Mr. Smart, which reads:

"DEAR SLAVA, TAKE CARE OF YOUR MOTHER. GET GOOD FRIEND TO GIVE YOU MONTHLY ALLOWANCE, I SUPPORT MY GUARANTEE BY MAKING WILL IN MOTHER'S BENEFIT. JIMMY."

This letter was dated March 1944, and would have reached us in May 1944, just when the rumor about Smart's death came out. We never received this letter and did not know of its existence until last month, when I read my name in the British Red Cross list of addresses in the North China Daily News. It is my opinion that Hovans, or the Jap Navy, had known of this letter's existence. The word "will" seems to imply death - at least, that is how it struck me when I first read it. And to anyone not too familiar with the English language, it might have implied death all the more. I believe that this letter was the origin of the rumor of Smart's death, and that it was withheld from us because we could have received money on its presentation at the Great Northern Telegraph Co.

I now understand that the Japs did not want us to live well, or to have any money of which they did not know, as by this method they could limit my activities. A man who has to think of where he is going to get money to pay for tomorrow's dinner certainly has his hands tied, as far as doing any intelligence work is concerned.

On June 10th, Peter and I appeared at the Naval Attache's office, where we met Ichijima and Lojnikoff. It seems that Paul had missed a previous plane, and was going with us. We took off from Pazang Airfield at noon that day. In our company there were: Ichijima, Paul Lojnikoff, Peter Kazack, and myself. We arrived in Taihoku, Formosa at 3 p.m. and were taken to the airport hotel, where we met some more of Hovans' crowd: Dr. Piero Terni, Morihiko Takami, Francisco Carneiro, Fritz Arnheim, and a fellow by the name of Morris. This last character is a fellow born in Singapore, British father, Russian mother; speaks fluent Chinese (Shanghai and Mukien dialects), Malay, Hindustani, and Tagalog, besides English and Russian. He worked here for the Shanghai Municipal Police, and at the same time was an informer to Hovans. Being of British nationality, he would have been interned, had Hovans not taken action.

See p 9  
Terni  
&  
P. 8 for  
others

~~Peter Hovans' spy ring and~~  
~~others~~

1-262-21422

S. Tarapovsky

cc: Intel report Fritz Arnheim is an Austrian Jewish refugee. He was a pretty crook worked in Shanghai and was well known to the local Police. He worked for Hovana as an informer-secretary-valet-stooge. In Manila, he made contact with the Swiss Chancellor and got considerable information from him for Hovana. He and Morris worked together, and as they are both bums, they easily mingled with the lower strata, and helped by Morris' knowledge of the Fukien dialect (Manila Chinese speak Fukien dialect), and Tagalog, they made perfect stool-pigeons.

CIT: Philippines?

Francisco Carneiro and Paul Lojnikoff were buddies, and always lived and worked together. I know nothing of Carneiro's activities in Shanghai, but I do know that in the 1930's, he worked as a purser on British Yangtze River steamers. He had a wife and son here in Shanghai. His wife fell in love with a Portuguese here - I believe he was the Portuguese Consul in Shanghai. She divorced Carneiro and was going to leave Shanghai with this consul. As she wanted to take her son, the consul called Carneiro and demanded he give up claim to his son. At first Carneiro refused, but later hinted that he would do so for money. The consul, enraged at Carneiro for being so cheap and mercenary, flew at him with his fists. Carneiro pulled a gun and fired, but missed. In the ensuing struggle, he was disarmed and the police were called in. Carneiro was jailed for attempted murder, but I believe his sentence was light. I understand he has a further police record, but I could not substantiate that.

CIT: USA?

Worked for Japanese I. S. in Shanghai and China.

Morihiro Takami is an American-born and American-educated Japanese. His father is a surgeon in Delaware. He practices in New York City. He has a brother who served in the U. S. Army during the war. Takami is well built, stands about 5'8", handsome, looks more Hawaiian or Filipino than Japanese, is dark skinned, has a medium beard, and a squarish, firm face. In 1943, he married an Indian Princess here in Shanghai. There was a swanky ceremony marking the occasion at the Park Hotel. The marriage was played up at the time as a sign of Indo-Jap unity and friendship. The little princess, I understand, is quite a gal, and in Takami's absence ran around the high spots with influential Chinese, Jews, etc., object: espionage. She had money to burn, and made no effort to hide it. In Manila, Takami put on the lone-wolf act. He worked alone and was answerable only to Ikushima and his superior, Commander HOYAMA. Hoyama was a whisky-soaked, red-nosed playboy, who didn't give a damn for the Japanese Navy, and Ikushima was the real power behind the throne. After Hovana's departure from Manila on August 9, 1944, Takami took over stool-pigeons Fritz and Morris, and from then on they worked for him. They were still working for him when we left, on December 25th, 1944.



CITE: USSR? Shanghai, China see - End of Report RE HIS WORK WITH JAP U.S. IN  
SHANGHAI AND MANILA

Paul Lojnikoff headed for the night clubs the day after we arrived. As they moved to the Avenue Hotel (Rizal Av.), all they had to do was go to the top floor, the "Royal Room", which was the swankiest place in town at the time. There, Lojnikoff began making goo-goo eyes at girls, and one who made them back was an actress by the name of Espana de Vidal. She took a liking to Paul, and from the very first week we were in Manila, she became his steady flame. I doubt if Paul knew what he was doing, but he certainly struck oil when he met this Jane. It seems she knew every man worth knowing in the Philippine Islands, all the way from Manuel Quezon down through the chief of the Manila Constabulary, down through most of the City Hall overlords, down to private business men such as Soriano (owner of San Miguel Brewery), Madrigal (owner of De La Roma Lines), the Elizalde boys, and all the rest of Insular society. Her husband seemed to be no obstacle to her in her jaunts with many of these men. She knew Jose F. Laurel and Ambassador Vargas, and she often played "madame" for them, pimping out sweet young things from Manila's better families and introducing them to the "fathers of the country".

CITE: Philippines: MANILA, P.R.

This is what Lojnikoff made goo-goo eyes at, as he sat at a table in the Royal Room. Pretty soon he had Espanita handing him information by the ream. He was flooded with sheets typewritten in the best of English. He didn't understand half of what was in them, but anyway he passed them to Ikushima. No doubt the Japs were satisfied, because Lojnikoff and Carneiro were always full of money, in fact, they flashed around more money than Hovans ever did. Espanita told him to stay at home and save his strength (!) and that she would do all the work for him. She, of course, in turn called on some other boy friends of hers, and exchanged herself for, say, ten pages, single spaced, of hot information. This she brought to Lord Paul Lojnikoff for transmission to "the Professor" (Ikushima was often called that, as he was once professor of English at a of Jap university).

I.S. (Dr. Piero Gerni is a well known Italian lawyer. He

(I can't vouch for this, as he told me about it himself). When Italy capitulated on September 8, 1943, he was interned, but later was taken out of internment by Ikushima. He was an informer for the Japs on Italian affairs, and I do not know of one Italian in Shanghai, Fascist or otherwise, who has spoken well of him. In the first place, he is a weakling, he thinks only of his own skin. Then, he is a coward; when Manila began to be bombed in earnest, Worked for the FICK-HOVANS CASE, 1944.

he moved from his room near the Boulevard to a place as far from the waterfront as possible. There was very little likelihood of the city being bombed, but he took no chances. I can say the same for Lojnikoff and Carneiro; they were living too well and could not afford to die. Kazack and I thought it was a grand show, the bombing of Manila, and would be willing to go through it again ten times, just for the satisfaction of seeing hell licked out of the Japs. We never saw the inside of an air-raid shelter in Manila - what went on in the sky was too interesting to miss.

In Manila, Terni made contact with a Dr. Marsoni, an Italian, and several other people whose names I don't know, but whom I could recognize. Just what he was after, I don't know, but I do know that Dr. Marsoni had traveled through guerilla territory in Batangas and Camarines Norte provinces of Luzon, and told me that he was in one town where there were at least a hundred Americans and about a thousand Filipino soldiers. They had a radio installation there with rotary beam antennas, etc., and that he believed this was a control station for other guerilla radio stations all over the islands. I do not know whether or not he passed this to the Japs, but there is more possibility that he did than otherwise. Terni and Marsoni tried to find out if there were any radio stores in Manila selling short wave sets and converters. They approached a store which did, and actually did buy a converter from them. I believe the owner of the store was put away in Fort Santiago, Manila's Bridge House.

Now to get back to Tainoku (we're still there, you know). I could not find out a thing about the crowd at the hotel at the time, because they all congregated in one room and passed the time playing poker. Pete and I passed the time talking and making eyes at the hotel girls. We weren't allowed off the grounds, although Takami and Morris went to town and brought back with them a Jap by the name of Kubo, who was Ikushine right hand man in Shanghai, and who presumably had left Shanghai with Kovans and had waited in Tainoku for the rest of us. We were to see much of Kubo later, in Manila. Now and then one of the crowd would pop into our room and introduce himself. When Fritz did so, he made a remark that there were "ten less crooks in Shanghai". We answered that we did not doubt it. Later, in Manila, Morris told us that he had spoken to the Formosan driver of the taxi in which he went to town, while Takami and Kubo had dropped into a bank, and that this driver told him that Formosans hated the Japs, and through all the forty odd years the Japs had been in Formosa, they had only brought misfortune on the common people. He said that the Formosans hated their own kind who worked for the Japs, and that now and then these people were murdered by Formosan patriots. He seemed to trust Morris when

*P. T. Orpanchy*

Morris told him that he was a foreigner and that he had been in China and especially in the cities of Amoy and Foochow, where Formosan patriots had their headquarters.

The next day, all but Lejnikoff, Ichijima, Kazaack, and I, left for Manila, and we followed the day after that. We arrived in Manila on June 12th, and were taken to a house at 408 Aviles Street (the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank's compound), where Ikushima had his headquarters. This was the residence of Admiral HIRADE, the Jap Naval Attache in Manila. He was under Admiral Ono, then either commander, or vice-commander, of the Jap Southwest Pacific Fleet. We had a few words with HIRADE, and we later learned that he had been the Jap Naval Attache in Rome. Later we were introduced to Commander Aoyama, Ikushima's superior and running-dog for HIRADE. There we also met Hovans and the crowd we had met in Taihoku. Takami dressed up in a sharkskin suit and headed for town. So did Lejnikoff and Carneiro, as they had already arranged for accommodation at the Avenue Hotel. They lived there with Hovans and Morris. A few days later, Iete and I were hustled off to a house at the south end of Dakota Street, where Fritz had been installed. Living in the house as a sort of watchman was OGUMA, a petty officer working in the Manila Naval PX. I suppose he was a plant there, just to keep an eye on us.

We lived here for two weeks, doing nothing and receiving a salary of 300 pesos a month, which lasted about two weeks to pay for our meals. At the end of two weeks, we were given a bungalow in Maravillas Court, on Park Avenue, corner Ignacio Street, in Pasay. Here we were installed with a Jap by the name of Yashida. We got to like Yashida, because he seemed to understand foreigners more than any of the other Japs we knew, and always treated us like a self appointed papa. He hated the guts out of Ikushima.

Yashida was in charge of the Navy's listening posts in Manila, especially those where American-born Japs were working; he was guardian of these Japs, as they did not get along very well with, and were always kicked around by real dyed-in-the wool Nipponese. Yashida brought in three receivers (Hallicrafters Super Defiant and two Hammarlund Super-Pro's), and a dictaphone set (never used it because it was out of order and we were too lazy with the tropical spirit of do-it-tomorrow to bother with repairs), and a Packard Bell Disk recorder, which we used mainly for recording the Hit parade.

He told us to copy CW traffic from VHM, a station in Port Darwin, Australia, which was used by the U. S. Navy for sending orders to all ships (NERK) in five-letter code. Every night we copied for two hours (2300-0100 Item time) and then went to bed. We weren't asked to do more, and we didn't try, either. This station sent for two hours, stopped, and started again later, in the wee hours of the morning, but we never bothered to stay up

11

*S. Toropov*

that late. This went on without incident until August 15, when, after a few visits by strange Japs, Yoshida told us that he was very sorry, but that Ikusima had ordered us to be moved to a house on Mabini Street, near the corner of Alense street, where they had a receiving station run by one of the bastardiest of Japs I have ever run across. We moved to this place with our equipment, and there it was augmented by a Halliometer Diversity receiver and a spiderweb of antennas which were put up evidently by someone who thought he knew a lot about radio. This someone turned out to be the bastard of a Jap, SHIMOMURA. He began kicking us around from the first day. He and his assistant OHNAMI, a Shanghai man (Shimomura came from Bangkok), watched us like eagles and saw that we worked as long as we could stay up on our feet. We played back at them by staying up all night and putting all the receivers full blast and pounding on typewriters. After a week or so of sleepless nights, Shimomura suggested with a hiss and a grin that we work only to midnight. We grinned back and said we had important work to do and kept it up for another week or so. I don't believe their nerves ever fully recovered from that ordeal. They began going out nights and getting drunk, and when we noticed that, we thought it wasn't a bad idea, and did so ourselves and said "to hell with work." Yoshida, who came around now and then, didn't seem to mind. He told him how badly we were being fed, and now and then he would give us a little money so that we could get at least one meal a day outside.

We usually had dinner outside, and every evening met Paul or Fern or Carneiro or all three. It was through these evening gatherings, supplemented by a few things Evans had told us while in some of his boastful moods, that we got to know about the crowd and their activities. (I forgot to mention that Evans left Manila on August 12th, before we were moved to this listening post).

When, on September 30th 1944, came the first raid on Manila by U. S. carrier-based planes. I was awakened by a terrific rearing noise at about 8.30 a.m. and noticed that Pete was out in the garden, looking at the sky. I ran out and saw almost a hundred planes flying at different levels and in different directions. The raid was a complete surprise; for an hour or so there was no anti-aircraft fire. Shimomura addressed us from the balcony and said that this was "manoeuvres". We went up on the balcony and began looking toward the boulevard and the bay. Planes were diving in from all angles and dropping bombs from a low altitude. Ikari rushed in and notified us that it was manoeuvres, he had barely finished speaking when an ammunition ship blew up and almost knocked us off our feet. Smoke rose to five thousand feet, and the explosions continued for ten minutes or more. We asked him if that was part of the manoeuvres, but he merely turned and went inside. Then the commander came

*S. Toropovskiy*

10  
rushing in from his ~~office~~ across the street and told us to come into his shelter. By the time we got there, the din had subsided, and the sky cleared of planes for a spell. Takami rushed up and told us that Headquarters had phoned up, asking us to listen in on our radios to see if we couldn't find the frequency used by the planes. We spotted them on 4475 kc, the emergency, and Air-Sea-Rescue frequency. They did not talk much on this channel as it is supposed to be kept clear for emergency use only. We heard them mention VHF, but we had no VHF receivers. However, we were ordered to watch 4475 kc 24 hours a day. The next day, they did not use 4475 kc very much, and the day after that, not at all.

The next few raids we had, we couldn't do anything about, because we had no VHF, but finally the Japs cut enough red tape to get us a VHF receiver. The next raid we had, we found the VHF channel used by the planes, and were able to tell where they were going to bomb just a couple of minutes before they actually bombed. But the men at headquarters would not believe our spoken word, and we had to write out the messages, with call signs, explain them to our Jap "operators" who had to use a dictionary on every other word, and then these Japs, after personally evaluating these messages, would transmit them by telephone to headquarters. All this procedure took up time by the bucketful, and if we ever gave these boys any information at, say, a pier that was liable to be bombed, by the time they got the news through to headquarters, the pier was a rubble heap. This actually happened with Manila's Pier 7 (by the Manila Hotel).

Now and then we could pick up signals from the planes while they were still 15 minutes away, at their rendezvous point over Laguna de Bay, and we would tell the Japs that there was a raid in the offing. They would phone H.Q., but H.Q. would demand us to tell them what the planes were saying. We would answer that the signals were too weak to copy and they would reply "well how the hell do you know they're coming, then?" and take no action. By the time the planes came close enough to be read 100%, the bombs were falling. This happened over and over again. Only then I realized how stupid Japanese could be.

We kept on this work until we left Manila. On October 16, we told them that there would soon be a landing somewhere in the Philippines, but they didn't believe us and we almost got a bawling out from the commander for thinking such "dangerous thoughts." When the landings took place on Suluan the next day, they said nothing, and when Leyte was invaded, they said less.

It was fun to see them grit their teeth as they felt the flames of invasion scorch the seats of their pants.

By December 1944, it was obvious that Manila was to be taken soon, as a landing on Luzon was imminent. We got wind of

*S. Torpauky*

that they were going to take us back to Shanghai about two days before we actually left, and on the night of December 23, we were told to pack and get ready to scam. On the morning of the 24th, we were hustled into a car and taken to Air Corps headquarters somewhere on the Boulevard in Paranaque, and then to Nichols Field. At Nichols we were to hop on a truck which would take us to Clark Field. There was a lot of squabbling over who was going to get out first, army and navy men almost got into a fight, until a Jap from our company, UTSUNOMIYA, a school teacher and a great breaker-up of squabbles, got up on a soap box, made a speech, and to put it short, we (Kazack, myself, Ichijima, Utsunomiya) got on the truck first, and left the rest of the bums to scramble on as best they could. On the way to Clark, we passed through several small towns, such as San Fernando, Angeles, etc., and since we were wearing khaki clothes, all the Filipino girls along the way threw us kisses, thinking we were "Americans". The Japs in the truck must have been damned embarrassed, but they said nothing.

We arrived at a small town on the edge of Clark Field and were given something to eat there by some kind Jap privates and truck mechanics. Later in the evening we moved on to Clark Field and were given a place to sleep at Fort Stansberg. Clark Field was in ruins. The only planes on it were jacked-up dummies. Real planes arrived after sundown and took off before sunrise. There were, however, a few fighters in revetments under the acacia trees, and some fighter pilots were bunked in the same bungalow with us. We had to sleep on the floor, under mosquito-net tents, and our only bedclothes were a blanket apiece. Our choice was to fold the blanket and use it as a pillow, and consequently freeze (it gets real cold in these highlands in December) or keep warm and sleep on a wooden floor without a pillow - the nth degree of luxury, Japanese style. The next morning there was no news of a plane for us so we just loafed around. We couldn't go far because we were warned that very few Japs there knew who we were, and that some of them might mistake us for American prisoners and beat us up. At about 10 a.m. the air raid signal gun went off, and shortly after, two colored A.A. puffs revealed a flight of B-24's and a whole dozen of P-58's. Bombs began falling. We were told to get into a foxhole, but as soon as the Japs got in theirs, we got out to watch the fracas. A couple of zeros went up and hustled round with a P-38. They shot him down, the plane coming down in a fast power dive and an explosion about 200 yards from us. The P-38's pilot must have been hit when he was up in the air. Then, a couple of P-36's got on the zeros' tail and chased him all over the place at a level of about thirty feet. After mowing the grass and treetops around the field, they disappeared over a low hill; the P-38's came up, but the Japs did not.

The same act was put on the next day, just after Lejnikoff, Carneiro and a group of Japs arrived. Lejnikoff and

*A. L. L. L.*

Carneiro spent the best part of the day in a shelter, and planned to sleep in it at night, so we didn't see much of them, but we did see a Filipino from Shanghai by the name of TRIA, and with him two Chinese, also from Shanghai. I do not know the names of these two. I had seen Tria only once in Manila, and I understood he was also working as a spy. Also in the company was a Japanese by the name of OSUMI, presumably a friend of Ikushima's, who was on his way to Japan. Osumi worked in the office on Aviles Street as treasurer for Ikushima.

That night we were told that we were leaving the next morning, and at 5 a.m. we were awakened, got in a truck, and drove off to the strip where our plane was parked. The plane was a DC-2 with all its seats, insulation, and flooring ripped out, and although there were only eleven odd passengers (PETE, ICHIKAWA, UTSUNOMIYA, and MYSELF, plus a few low ranking officers and a pilot) we were allowed to take aboard only what we carried in our hands. Even so, the plane acted as though it had a heavy load. Possibly, it was running on low-octane fuel, but it is my opinion that the cargo compartment was full of something very heavy - probably gold, as the Japs are known to have flown large quantities of the metal out of the Islands. Also, our luggage was not put into the cargo compartment, but kept in the cabin with us.

We arrived at Takao, Formosa in a little over four hours. The field there was pretty well banged up, and I noticed only one or two hangars that had not been hit.

We went into Takao for a haircut, and at the barber shop we attracted such a crowd that we felt like a sideshow. I was ready to hop on a soap-box and yell "Hurry, hurry, hurry---," when the police arrived. The "police" was in the form of a chubby, cheerful Jap lieutenant, who dispersed the crowd with bucketfuls of water - a most effective means. He then took us to the station, where they asked us the usual questions of where we were born, who were our grandparents and had we been to the North Pole, if not, why not? After they had gotten through with that, they asked us to give our opinion of the town and the people (for the local paper), and we painted everything up in the style of visiting politicians.

They then took us to a hotel where we had a good meal and a bath - the meal was the first time we ate to our satisfaction in months. That night we got on board the "Formosa Express" that took 15 hours to go the 150 miles to Taihoku (the Japs had banned the use of planes between the two cities in order to save gasoline. In Taihoku we were taken to the old airport hotel in which we stayed on the way down, but the gendarmerie said that it was not advisable to have foreigners so near the airfield, as they might be spies, so we were moved to the railway hotel in the city. The staff there were given instructions not to let us out of the building, but later we received a phone

S. Torgansky

call from IKUSHIMA, who was waiting for us in Taihoku, to come over to his hotel, just around the corner. There he handed us a line about how grateful he was for our work, and that from now on he would be our friend until he died (I wonder how long that will be). He said we could have anything we wanted when we got to Shanghai; we just had to ask him (we only had two days in which to ask him, because he left Shanghai for Tokyo the next day after our arrival there. Very smart, I say.)

The next morning we took a plane to Shanghai, and when we arrived at the Naval Bureau and phoned my mother, I found she had not even been told that we were due.

About a week later, Lejnikeff and the rest arrived. Lejnikeff spoke of the horrible days at Clark Field, with all the bombing. Pete and I could have taken two more weeks of it, because it was fun to watch.

Lejnikeff immediately began throwing parties and gathering up all his girls. He brought a load of industrial diamonds with him from Manila, where he bought them for next to nothing. He offered to buy some for us, but the Japs would not give us any money.

A week after our arrival in Shanghai, Peter and I found ourselves and our families in a worse financial state than we were when we left. The Japs put us to work at a radio workshop they had on the top floor of their building at 27, The Bund. My salary was 50,000 and Mazack's 30,000 at the start. We worked there a month, when suddenly Ikushima came back from Tokyo for a spell and installed us in a receiving station, with IOHIJIMA as our supervisor. "IOHI" later turned out to be a swell fellow, something like Yoshida had been in Manila (I forget to mention that Yoshida was killed in the first raid on Manila, at least, we were told so. He may have been removed, as he was too nice to us).

Here we worked straight, without any further incident, until August of this year, when Japan capitulated. We had just about given up all our hopes, as we were forced to keep a 24 hour a day watch, and we had divided up our time to 24 hours each, as by this method we could work 24 hours, sleep 12, and have 12 free. In this free 12 hours I worked as a garage mechanic, as our salaries were pitifully small in comparison to the ever-growing prices. It got so bad that at times there was nothing to eat in the house, and my mother had to sell all her jewelry except for her wedding ring. Also, we were warned by YAMAMOTO (Jap Naval Attache's Office who was IOHIJIMA's superior in affairs dealing with us, that we were not to attempt to do any business of the buying and selling variety, as that would "put us in contact with too many people".

*S. Toropovsky*



By July, things got so bad, that after consulting with ICHI, we asked YAMAMOTO to dismiss us. Ichi had promised to get us a job with better pay, as he knew many of Shanghai's Jap business men. When Yamamoto heard this, he got very upset and rather angry, whereupon I told him how disgusted I was with the whole Naval Attache's office, and how I still remembered the dirty treatment we received in Manila. To that he said something to the effect that if he had known we were of such an opinion, he would not have "hired" us in the first place, and that further mention of Manila to him was unnecessary as it was "gone and forgotten". I said that I was willing to forget but not forgive, and he almost burst out crying, saying that I should not speak of the Manila trip in such a manner, as he had lost his best friend (Kubo, who remained in Manila with Takami, Fritz, and Morris) on that trip. He said that he would arrange for our dismissal immediately, but nothing was done about it as far as I knew.

When Japan capitulated on August 12th, we were told to burn all our papers and records (we tried to save some of them for an occasion like this one here, but could not because ICHIJIMA had supervised the burning).

*S. Tropavsky*

*(to be continued)*

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